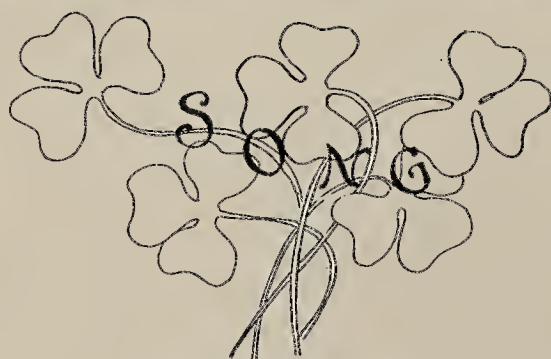


# MY IRISH COLLEEN



Words by  
**P. C. MAC DONALD**

MUSIC BY  
**JULES BRAZIL**

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# My Irish Colleen

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*Andante moderato*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 8/8 time, marked *Andante moderato*. The introduction features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, with dynamics *f* and *rit* indicated. The vocal melody enters in the second system, with lyrics: "There's a dear I-rish col-leen who's wait-ing for me, In a Her sweet voice it is soft as the Ze-phyr's that blow O'er the You may talk of your la-dies with ti-tles so grand Who are-". The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, with dynamics *mf* and *f* indicated. The vocal melody continues in the third system, with lyrics: "rose-cov-er'd cot near the town of Tra-lee, But sweet tho' the rose be and wood-land and val-ley and hills clad with snow, The smile on her lips sets your proud of their wealth both of hous-es and land, My true sim-ple maid-en is". The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, with dynamics *f* and *mf* indicated. The vocal melody continues in the fourth system, with lyrics: "flow-ers so fair With the bloom on her cheek sure they can-not com-pare. heart all a-glow Sure you'll not find her e-qual wher-ev-er you go. dear-er I ween So I'll press to my bos-om my I-rish col-leen." The piano accompaniment continues with a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, with dynamics *f* and *mf* indicated.

*f* *rit*

*mf* *f* *mf*

There's a dear I-rish col-leen who's wait-ing for me, In a  
Her sweet voice it is soft as the Ze-phyr's that blow O'er the  
You may talk of your la-dies with ti-tles so grand Who are-

rose-cov-er'd cot near the town of Tra-lee, But sweet tho' the rose be and  
wood-land and val-ley and hills clad with snow, The smile on her lips sets your  
proud of their wealth both of hous-es and land, My true sim-ple maid-en is

flow-ers so fair With the bloom on her cheek sure they can-not com-pare.  
heart all a-glow Sure you'll not find her e-qual wher-ev-er you go.  
dear-er I ween So I'll press to my bos-om my I-rish col-leen.

## REFRAIN

3

*rit*

With her bright eyes of blue And her heart fond and true To the

boy who is o - ver the sea Now since

peace is pro-claimed I will come home a - gain To my dar - ling sweet Mol - ly Mc -

*rit*

Gee, My dar - ling sweet Mol - ly Mc - Gee.

*rit*

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